


# The VOICE



State Teachers College

Farmville, Virginia

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# The Voice

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## State Teachers College

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

F E B R U A R Y , 1 9 3 0

**Joyce Randolph, Freshman**

## CHAPTER TWO

## JOY WRITES A LETTER

S. T. C., Farmville, Virginia  
January 29, 1930

9:15 Virginia, dear:—

For the past week I've been afflicted with that dread malady of procrastination with complications due to laziness—at least that's what I say it is; those of my friends who are interested in my welfare call it "just being sensible." However, I've decided that even if I am a Presbyterian, I don't believe in "procrastination" (in spite of the Methodist minister's statement to the contrary) and that I do believe in work. So before I pitch in and make up for lost time, I'll write and tell you all about what's been happening to "yours truly" lately.

I'm in psychology class now, and feel perfectly free to write you as I have just finished answering my "question for the day." It required such a detailed response that one of the girls asked him when we were going to have a test and if we'd be held responsible for all that. She evidently touched upon a strong point with him for he hasn't finished his disquisition upon the subject yet. I listened long enough to catch this sentence as it fell oracularly from his lips: "Don't pay any attention to the little things. Learn Big Things alone; details will follow"—a sentence which put me in mind of an old nursery rhyme; this is what I did with it:

## S. T. C. BO-PEEP

Professor Dell,  
As you've heard tell,  
Says, "Little things—don't mind them,  
Learn Big Things alone  
And they'll come home  
Bringing details behind them!"

The chapel bell is ringing. The professor looks aggrieved, and says that if there hadn't been so many interruptions we should have finished our last set of questions. My next-door neighbor punches me and hisses, "That means you!" I didn't know I was plural; of course, I understand perfectly that I may have been one interruption.

I'm to play the piano in chapel for the first time today and I'm "skeered" to death! If I survive the ordeal I'll write you a graphic account of it soon as it's over!

. . . I stood at the side door of the auditorium and painfully heard my heart beat above the noise and confusion 'round about (you remember hearing eight hundred girls talking and laughing all at once, so that my heart was making quite a racket.) My friends passed me, but were constrained by the expression on my face not to speak. I leaned against the radiator for support; my knees shook; there was a curious "muzziness" in my head. Dr. Manjar appeared. With what nonchalance he mounted the steps! They had no terrors for him; it is his prerogative to walk in high places; but as for me, I was praying that in some way I might be granted a seat among the lowly for this morning, at least,—maybe some other time . . . But more of the faculty appeared. Each in his or her, own peculiar, fascinating, and special manner ascended and disappeared through the door, only in a moment to reappear on the stage with added glory and awesomeness. Elizabeth Randolph tripped down the outside steps, and I retired red and ashamed, into the cracks of the radiator. (What an upstart she must think me to try to play a

piano—her own especial business!) At that moment I could almost wish that I'd never seen a note in all my life. (If I had, I couldn't remember it.) I gripped the radiator with chilled fingers, and it responded with a touch even more icy.

"Well, Joy! Are you ready?" inquired a merry voice, and I gazed terror-stricken up into the face of that dear, golden-haired, but "awfully-particular-about-the-way-accompanists-accompany-her" divinity, Miss Taylor. "C'm on," she murmured encouragingly. I gasped,—and mutely followed her up the before-mentioned steps,—but even in my agony I did not forget to wonder what her hair is made of . . . She pulled out the piano bench for me,—I was unable,—found the hymn I was to play, and then pulled the top off the piano, so that all the mistakes could be effectively heard by the audience . . . I stared wildly down at the sea of faces below me—far away—oh, ever 'n ever so many miles away—I saw Elly-Anna. If I could only have been at her beloved side, what wouldn't I have given! I wondered why I never before realized the mere comfort of her presence, and inwardly resolved to always let her wear my watch; and never ask her about my French, or for any of her sour pickle. The air was charged with some unknown terribleness . . . Miss Taylor was nodding at me,—oh, heavens! Why? What must I do? Panicky,—my fingers clutched the keys, and in the dreadful stillness which ensued throughout the auditorium, I knew but three things: that four notes out of the six in the chord I struck were wrong, that if I didn't keep my mouth tight-closed, my heart would jump out of it, and that if I ever got back on the ground again, I'd run away to the "other end of nowhere, and then a half a mile and come back never no more."

10:30 But I didn't, and chapel is over now, and I'm in the library. Lilly White is at one end of the table toiling

and moiling over a little book with the letters of the alphabet dancing around in it,—I really mean it. All of them have arms and legs;—she uses it in writing-class, I believe. I shouldn't like it if my a, b, c's should do that way; just suppose they took a fancy to skip around in one of my English compositions—I'd be flunked on spelling sure! Elly-Anna is at the other end of the table reading "Life." She giggles infectiously every moment or two and I know she's gathering a supply of material from which she will take choice bits off and on for the rest of the week, and mold them into facetious remarks to fling at me everytime she catches me in an embarrassing situation.

12:00 French is over and I have about five minutes before history class begins with its lengthy roll-call and discussion of "principal points brought out in the last lesson."—We wrote valentine verses in French today here's one for you:

Ma valentine est belle;  
Ma valentine est fine;  
Ma valentine s'appelle  
Virginia Katherine!

The girls thought this one awfully cute, only Mademoiselle didn't—(maybe you can guess why:)

Que tu es doux!  
Je t'aime beaucoup.  
J'ecris ces mots  
To tell you so!

1:15 It takes the longest time to get things to eat in this tea room! And it's impossible to study for all the racket,—which makes me nervous because my math teacher is at the table next to mine and she knows that I know that she knows that I don't know my lesson for this

afternoon—and haven't done my home-work—Sweet Mama!—but here it comes; I'm literally starved! Honest, I could eat a house and all its inhabitants, and not know it afterwards . . . .

3:30 Choral Club, basketball, and supper—then I hope I'll be able to finish this letter without any more interruptions; (I'd like college so much better if it weren't for classes always getting in the way of doing things; my highest ambition is to make the Dean's List—three long years off, if ever!)—We're learning so many new songs in Choral Club now—and they're all in embryo, so to speak—sound perfectly terrible when we try to do 'em at sight with the accompaniment:—I want to yell:

"Oh, gee whiz!  
You sound just like an  
Old tin Liz!"

But with marvelous self-control, I don't.

8:00 'Member long time ago when I said I loved blue eyes, and told you how I tried to change my green ones to that color when I was little? Here it is in rhyme:

My eyes were very green when I was seven;  
And I often wondered why  
God in Heaven  
Who owned all that big blue sky  
Wouldn't give me any blue  
For my eyes—  
'Cause it wouldn't take but two  
Little scraps.  
Then Daddy dear would say  
With a smile so glad and gay  
In surprise:  
"Why your eyes  
Are like Mother's, Baby-Girl!"  
And he wouldn't mind so much  
'Cause my hair didn't curl.

I never called them "green" but "chrys-  
oprased,"  
'Cause it sounded so much better.



But I had  
A skirt and sweater  
That were green,  
And the children—horrid, mean!  
Said they “looked so nice with cat-eyes,”  
And it made me awful mad.  
So I thought awhile about it and  
I made a lovely plan:  
I went out into the yard;—  
Though the ground was very hard  
I lay down  
And I looked up at the sky  
With each emerald-colored eye,  
'Cause bye-'n-bye  
I was very sure the blue  
Would soak through.  
For a long and solid week  
I didn't peek  
In a mirror,  
For I wanted a surprise  
When I saw my lovely eyes  
All turned blue.  
(So would you  
If you wanted 'em like I did,  
And tried to get 'em, too.)

Then at last the great day came—  
When I could run  
And behold my new blue eyes in the glass.  
I was very sure the sun  
Was to blame,  
For not only were my eyes as green as grass  
—Same  
As ever,  
But I never  
Saw before  
A pair of eyes all speckled  
With brown spots,  
Small gold dots;—  
And I cried there on the floor,  
For, worse than plain green eyes, are  
Green eyes freckled. . . .

Lilly White is still absorbed in the little book with the dancing a, b, c's. She is muttering incantations over it, I think—and waving her arm mysteriously in the air at the same time. I'm glad I'm taking Course III. It's much more sensible.

If I weren't going to be a missionary, I think I'd be

a philosopher—only about all the philosophizing I ever do is to say to myself when a teacher insists on all of us doing something alike: "I might as well do as she says for I 'cannot make a crab walk straight'." I've been reading John Locke, Descartes, Spinoza, etc.—and of course, "Alice in Wonderland" again. She's a philosopher, too.

A pile of unlearned lessons confronts my wandering gaze. The question is: "Shall I, or shall I not?" If I know anything tomorrow, I'll be suppressed; if I don't, I can keep my mouth shut, and p'raps, put my forefinger against my forehead like Shakespeare and look pensive,—  
"still water runs deep," you know.

Philosophically yours,

Joy.

(To be continued)

### **Just Before Sunrise**

A slim, silver crescent, suspended in black blue space,  
Seemed to have overturned and spilled a lone star  
Which floated softly, slowly down, and came to rest  
In the center  
Of a long, slender stretch of cold gray blue.

Stygian black with hints of purple  
But where earth touched sky;  
And just above:  
Red, the color of blood, exposed to air.  
Dark red  
Diffused with powerful light.

Where the light came from?  
Why—God stood just behind!

Easter Souders, '32

### Song Of The Out-Doors In Early Morning

There are so many stars in the sky that I know  
The baby angels have been in mischief again,  
Cutting holes in heaven with their tiny scissors.  
They never pick up the scraps of the blue carpet,  
But always let them fall down into my garden—  
That's the reason I have violets the year 'round.

The moon is a silver-gold ball of silk yarn.  
I wish I could hold it in my lap, and knit  
Its pallid beams into a thin, shining scarf  
For someone I love who has hair like the moon's.

The sky turns to rose; the delicate cedar-twigs  
Are like frail point-lace upon it. They remind me  
Of my great-aunt's rose dressing-gown 'broidered in black.  
The cedar-sprays flutter gently in the dying wind  
As the fragile ruffles which cover her trembling hands.

There's a soft, rifted cloud as white as her hair  
Up there in the sky, too. It looks like the wing  
Of an angel. Perhaps,—it's my angel who  
Has cared for me all night, and in the light of  
The rising sun, is drying his rain-wet wings.

The sun smiles on the little lake at the foot  
Of the hill, and changes it to a shining,  
Silver fish—wriggling itself joyously under  
The gentle touch of the wind that ruffles its scales.

**My Fate**

I was born in the shade of a big green tree.  
I lived long in its shadow  
Breathing the fragrance of its leaves,  
The sun shed its light on me;  
Filtered through the lacy foliage,  
Its rays warmed me.

Ere long I must venture from  
The kind tree which has been my shelter.  
Beyond it, somewhere in the distance I have seen  
A deep sea where venomous serpents dwell.  
The sun shines not, but there  
The winds blow and rain falls  
And life is difficult.

But with God's help I will fare well;  
His strength shall be my strength,  
And his spirit shall dwell in my soul  
Making me love all that is pure and good.  
My heart shall be great and there shall I hold  
Sympathy and its song shall be  
Love!

Martha von Schilling, '32

**Consolation**

We sometimes wonder if we have  
A part in some Great Plan.  
We often ponder o'er the thought,  
The selfishness of man.  
We fear to see our castles fall  
To see sin's chasm yawn.  
Must we forget the darkest hour  
Is just before the dawn?

Martha Catherine Woodson, '33

## The American Girl's Creed

I revel in my strength  
I am superlatively strong;  
At times I really believe  
I could lift the whole universe—  
Churches, schools, people, stars and all:  
One day I carried a huge trunk upstairs  
And scared my mother to death.  
Yet I had no strained muscles,  
No backache;  
My energy knew no bounds.

I delight to run with all my might,  
To play the game hard and straight,  
With no little, by-paths of deceit,  
No false coverings for petty things.  
I admire frank, straight-forwardness,  
People who have ideals and scruples  
And stand up for them  
With a stiff backbone.

But that is not all.  
I can see, in the etching of black trees  
On flowing orange,  
Something more than a gorgeous sunset  
There is something more to me  
Than just a brutally frank, hard-hearted  
Sarcastic piece of conceit.  
Behind my eyes lies a soul, sensitive  
To beautiful things  
Hating ugliness with a passion.  
That is the part of me, which,  
Seeing tall pines stretching toward an infinite heaven

Stretches out and upward and seems to be one with God.

I represent athletic youth,  
But beyond the flaming orange  
Now fading into purple  
Lies the realization of all.  
The hopes and faint yearnings  
Of true womanhood.

Easter Souders, '32

### **Pierre and Quette**

Oh, you are made of moonlit bliss,  
A sea-gull's cry, a gypsy's kiss;

Oh joy and laughter, love and light,  
And a mocking-bird's song in a southern night;

A dreaming heart, a soul which cries,  
And the golden glory of sunrise.

But I, oh, I am Harlequin's son,  
With a game to play and a race to run;

Made of the glimmer of pale starlight,  
And the wailing wind on a stormy night.

Made for laughter and for joy  
Less of man and more of boy;

Made of rock from the earth's dark bowl  
And the tearing anguish of a half-god's soul.

Alice Ribble, '31

## Wedding Day Troubles

Scene: The interior of a small railway station. On the walls there are posters seeking to impress upon the mind of the public the importance of carefulness at railway crossings by the picturing of horrible wrecks, several advertising calendars and one or two rate charts. There are two long benches along the sides of the room. Through the window at the back of the room the agent may be seen with a green shade over his eyes. The click-click of a telegraph receiver can be heard. In the center of the room there is a large coal stove. A farmer is standing by the stove warming his hands. Another farmer enters and draws a chair up to the stove.

1st farmer—Hello George, how's all yo' folks?

2nd. farmer—Well as common, I reckon—you all well?

1st farmer—We all up I believe—allus some of 'em complainin' with colds an' one thing an' another but we manage to keep on gwine. Finished gittin' up corn yit?

2nd farmer—Yes, we had our shuckin' yistiddy. Just finished measurin' it an' puttin' up the shuck befo' I left. We sho' had a time thar last night. (Lowers the voice) O' course I had a little drink fer the hands. This here Mike Stephens he got a little too much an' 'twont no time befo' he begun to show it. Well, we was a shuckin' away as hard as we could a tryin' to git done. An' Mike he was a ravin' about how many years he could shuck to every one o' ole man Frank Ray's. Ole man Ray started to git up to move back a little an' just as he done so Mike pitched a year o' corn an' hit 'im right squar' in the face. He didn't go to do it but they was both tipsy so we laked to a had a fight right thar. The funniest part of it was after we got through. The young folks they went to the house an' washed the'r hands to dance a little. They was several

gals thar. Ole Mr. Ray's gal, Verlie come with 'er pa to see my gals she made out o' course, but I guess she thought Mike would be thar. Well, us ole men stood around outside an' talked a while an' when we did go in Mike and Verlie was jest a steppin' it off. Ole man Ray was as mad as a hornet. He made Verlie git 'e'r bonnet an' leave right then. Well, I betcha the next we hear o' that couple they'll be run away an' married. Mr. Ray's fussin' won't do nothin' but speed it on.

2nd farmer—Is he the man whar moved down thar at the foot o' the mountain at Yallow Cat Bridge. I've heard a heap o' talk of 'im but I don't know if I ever seed 'im.

1st farmer—Yes, they moved down thar from over on t'other side o' the mountain an' Mike he musta come from sommers over thar, fer the fust I ever seed of 'im he was a workin' over here in the Wilson woods at the saw mill. I been a knowin' ole man Ray fer a long time. I used to buy cabbage from 'im and haul 'em to town. Verlie was a little freckle-faced gal a runnin' aroun' ar then, but she sho is good-lookin' now. I don't blame Mike to be crazy about 'er. I sez to 'er yistiddy, "Miss Verlie ye just like corn whiskey." She sez, "How is that?" I sez, "You improve with age." Well, I reckon I better be gittin' along. My ole lady she said she was out o' coffee so I jest run up here this mornin' to git it. I jest can't do 'thout my coffee. All you all come 'roun' to see us when ye feel like it.

2nd farmer—All right, you all come. We spoke o' comin' over thar t'other Sunday to stay all day an' one o' the hawses was lame. Ye know thar's sich a crowd of us we can't never go no whar an' take all the kids unless we hitch up to the two-hawse waggin. But we'll be comin' 'fo' many Sundays.

(The first farmer leaves the room. A traveling salesman comes in and seats himself on one of the benches and



proceeds to read his newspaper. Mike and Verlie, a run-away mountain couple come in.)

Mike—(To the farmer) Good mornin'. Sorter cool ain't it? I believe it's gwine to be fallin' weather.

Farmer—Yes it's right smart cooler then it was.

Mike—(Approaching the ticket window) How fer is it from here to Fayersdale?

Agent—About twenty miles.

Mike—How long will it take to git thar on the train?

Agent—Well, this isn't a fast train you know. It will take about a half an hour.

Mike—How long it is before the train will git here?

Agent—It is due in about ten minutes.

Mike—How much will it cost Verlie an' me to git thar?

Agent—It will take seventy-five cents apiece.

Mike—Is that ar the least you kin take fer 'em. Seems like by takin' two you oughter let us have 'em cheaper.

Agent—That's the rate. Sorry but I can't alter prices.

Mike—All right, then, give us a couple. (The agent issues the tickets.) Now, Verlie, you better hold on to that ar scrap o' paper. If you don't give it to 'em on the train they won't let you stay on. (He turns to the farmer) Verlie, she ain't never traveled none so everything is kinda new to her. I ain't never done a sight of it myself but I have rid on the train oncet befo' in my lifetime. I went from Milsonville to Willow Springs, a distance of about forty miles, I judge. I got kinda tired of it that time but it's different today. I betcha we don't git tired today will we, Verlie? (Verlie grins) We are gwine to git married. We had to put it across on the ole man. He raised a row over Verlie's gittin' married so young. He fergits, I reckon, that his wife won't but fo'teen when they was married an' Verlie's sixteen. 'Taint just that though, he jest natually don't like me an' I don't keer a straw if he don't. Last night over at the corn shuckin' I throwed a year o'

corn an' hit 'im in the face an' didn't' go to atall an' he lek't 'er jumped on me about it, an' then wouldn't let me an' Verlie dance together. But we are givin' 'im the slip today all right. I wish that train would hurry up an' pull in though. Makes a fellow sorter fidgety to be a waitin' while he's runnin' away. (A train whistle is heard.) Thar she comes Verlie. Now you have to be in a hurry they might not wait fer you. (He picks up a paper box which is their only baggage. In doing so he lets his ticket fall to the floor without noticing it.) Run on Verlie—keep gwine—I'm comin'. (They leave the room but he comes rushing back to look for his ticket. He stops at the door to call to Verlie.) Go on Verlie. Don't stand thar waitin' fer me. I can ketch on if she's a startin'. Go on an' save me a seat. (He starts to pick up his ticket after looking around on the floor several seconds before finding it. The ringing of the bell and the puffing of the engine is heard as it picks up speed.)

Mike (Rushing toward the door.)—Er—Hold on that—wait—Stop 'er. (He leaves the room but comes back again). Now, I'm in a pickle. Verlie'll be skeered to death. Why this is the fust time she's ever even seed a train. She won't know whether to stay on or jump off.

Farmer—Why don't you git someone to carry you? This train stops at every little pig path so you could easy git to Spencerville befo' it gits thar, then you could ketch it thar and git on.

Mike—But who could I git to carry me?

Farmer—I expect my boy Joe would take you. He's a-loadin' some lumber on the truck now to carry out to Penn's an' 'twouldn't be much outer his way to go by Spencersville. I'll go an' see if I kin find 'im. Oh, here he comes now.

Joe—Pa, I have the lumber loaded on the truck, you want to go with me to take it?

Farmer—No, Joe, I'll jest wait here till you git back, but this fellow here has had a little tough luck, the train has left 'im. Could you carry 'im to Spencersville to ketch the train you reckon? His gal is on an' they are started to be married in Fayersdale.

Joe—I guess I could.

Farmer—Well, if you gwine, you better hurry.

Mike—Yes, please come on. I'll pay you anything you ask if you will jest come on.

Farmer—Well, I hope you all have good luck an' ketch the train all right. I's so chilly I hate to leave the fire. He draws his chair nearer and props his feet on the bottom of the stove. Mike rushes out of the room with Joe following. In a few minutes a mountaineer comes in.)

Mountaineer—Good evenin', Mr. Have you seed anything of a boy an' gal aroun' here whar's runnin' away to git married?

Farmer—Yes, the boy's jest left. The gal got on the train an' he let it leave 'im an' had to git somebody to take 'im to whar he could git ahead o' it an' git on. My boy took 'im on the truck. They was gwine to Fayersdale to be married.

Mountaineer—Now ain't they nice uns? Ain't even got sense enough to know how to git on the train. Well, I guess its all fer the best. I'll git somebody to carry me an' when she gits off the train I'll be thar to carry 'er home. I be dog-gone if I'm gonna have my gal marryin' none o' these here harum scarum sort o' fellows an' runnin' to these towns to live whar you spend yo' money as fast as you make it. No siree, not till she's old enough to know what she's a doin' no way. Do you know whar I could git someone to take me right quick?

Farmer—Jim Smith, he keeps a kar fer hire. He lives in the fust yallow house you come to after you pass the warehouse.

Mountaineer—All right, I'll go an' see if I kin find 'im. Much obleege fer tellin' me. (Exit mountaineer. The farmer stirs the fire in the stove and then picks up a magazine from one of the benches and leans back in a leisurely manner. The door opens softly and Verlie enters. She has a shy, frightened look on her face. The farmer starts with surprise when he sees her.)

Verlie—You know whar Mike's gone to?

Farmer—He's gone on a kar to overtake you. Ain't you seed nothin' of 'im?

Verlie—Er—He's gone after me? Lordy! What must I do now? I thought I'd better git off at the first depot bein' that I had left 'im so I ketched a bus an' come back here an' now he's gone.

Farmer—Yes, an' yo' Pa was in here a few minutes ago a-huntin' of you.

(Verlie assumes a still more frightened look.)

Verlie—Lordy!

Farmer—But he's took out to overtake you, too. You've skipped 'em all by comin' back here. Maybe it's all fer yo' good. I'm a-thinkin' that boy will come back when he finds you done got off o' the train. I 'spect the best thing fer you to do is to jest set here an' wait. O' course you could wire 'em or somethin' but I'm telling you gal he'll come back, or mebbe it'd be better fer you to go down to Franklin's store an' wait. Then if yo' Pa comes back here he wan't find you. He ain't hardly likely to go down thar an' if he comes back here I'll jest keep my mouth together an' I won't tell 'im as to whether I've seed you or whether I ain't. Franklin's store is that un yonder just across the tracks. You jest go on in an' set down by the stove an' wait. Tell Miss Franklin you're waiting for somebody an' she won't keer as to how long you stay thar. Miss Franklin's a mighty good woman an' she'll understand so you jest explain things to her an' rest no ways

uneasy an' 'twon't be long I don't guess 'fo' that fellow o' yourn gits back an' I'll send 'im right on over thar as quick as 'e gits here.

Verlie—But s'pose he don't come. What would I do? Of course I could walk back home an' 'twouldn't take me so awful long to git thar but what would Pa say? He'd be turrible mad. He's always been powerful agin Mike an' he'd be worst than ever now. I guess I'll wait a spell anyway. Now, don't you tell Pa if you see 'im that I'm over yonder at the store.

Farmer—Don't you bother yo'self about that; I won't tell 'im.

(Exit Verlie. The farmer stretches himself and takes a chew of tobacco. Enter mountaineer.)

Mountaineer—Well, I had my chase all fer nothin'! I seed ole man Frank Smith an' he said he seed Sally, my gal, an' Jack Williams just gwine burnin' the wind in the buggy toger Joneses Creek. What was yo' big idee in tellin' me you seed 'im here an' the train left 'em, an' all o' that stuff? Tryin' to help 'em git away by throwin' me off the track? Explain yo'self will you, Mr.?

Farmer—I merely told you I seed a couple a-runnin' away to be married an' the train left 'em an' all o' that. I didn't know whether they was yo' folks or not. I jest know they said they was a-runnin' away an' the train left 'em. I jest told you what I knowed an' it's not a while to be jumpin' on me about it. Why didn't you go in the direction o' Joneses Creek 'stead o' comin' back here if you're so shore they went that away.

(The door opens and Jack Williams and Sally rush in, but stop short when they see the mountaineer. They both have a rustic appearance.)

Mountaineer—(Laughing a scornful laugh.) So thar you are, are you? Well, the hawse is a-waitin' with the side saddle on an' everything is ready to take a nice little

ride home. Come on.

(He starts to take her by the arm.)

Jack (Pushing him back)—Wait, ole man. She is my wife.

Mountaineer—Your wife? Your wife is she? Well, we'll see about that. Been a swarin' of lies about 'er age, I reckon. Well, I'll do a little swarin' o' the truth myself an' have the marriage annulled. Yes, sir, I ain't gwine to be run over in no sich a way.

Farmer—Of course it ain't none o' my business but I think the best thing fer you to do is jest to leave matters be. When these here young folks gits marryin' in ther head you can't do nothin' a-tall with 'em. I know 'cause I've had experience with my own chaps so if I was you I'd jest let 'em go. If they do make ther cup bitter let 'em swallow the dose.

Mountaineer—Well, I never was no hand to stir up a lot o' trouble, but I tell you things are comin' to a pretty pass when the kids they git so they know so much more an' you do an' gotta have ther way about ev'rythin' under the sun. Whar you all gwine to now if you done already married. Gwine on a big weddin' trip all over the country like you was a millionaire, I reckon.

Jack—Well, yes, we are gwine on a weddin' trip all right. I ain't no millionaire but I got enough money to pay fer what I git an' we gwine up to town an sight-see fer several days.

Mountaineer—Well, I hope you enjoy it an' when you run you little dab o' money out an' git all starved out on sight-seein' don't you come a traipsin' back to my house fer yo' rations. Do you hear that?

(He leaves the room in a flurry. Enter Verlie.)

Sally—Well, if thar ain't Verlie. What you doin' 'way over her by yo'self, child?

Verlie—I'm tryin' to git married—er—we are ruther—

Mike an' me, but seems we got a mighty po' start. Mike's way off sommers, I don't know whar. (To the farmer.) You ain't seed my Pa, again, have you? Maybe Pa's ketch-ed up with Mike an' killed him or somethin'.

Farmer—Listen gal, it was all a mistake about yo' Pa. It was this here gal's Pa I seed, so yo' Pa maybe hain't even missed you. Don't you go home yit neither. That boy ain't had time to git back, but he'll come I betcha.

(A woman with two small children come in and take seats on the bench. A girl with college stickers on her hat box is the next to come in. The ticket window opens and they begin buying tickets. Verlie takes a seat and sits quietly with a dejected look. Finally Mike comes rushing in and Verlie jumps to her feet.)

Verlie—Lordy! I'm glad to see you. How'd you git back?

Mike—When I found out you had got off o' the train I sez to myself she will git somebody to take 'er back to the station as I knowed you'd still think I was here. I 'lowed you'd be gone again though but I was gwine to keep on chasin' till we got together if I had to make a dozen trips backwards and forwards. We can take this here train whar's comin' in now an' go on an' git married. (Turning toward the window.) Give us two more tickets please to take another start on.

Agent—Where to please?

Mike—To Fayersdale, the same place as befo'. (He grasps the tickets tightly with one hand and holds on to Verlie's arm with the other.) Nothin' ain't never gwine to separate us no mo' I betcha.

Curtain

### After Thoughts

1. Music tells me that it has no need of words.
2. How do I know but that it is a good thing to fear success ?
3. It may be that I have left happiness behind me—then why should the world sneer at me if I turn back?
4. Love is the tone-color of dreams.
5. Think your own thoughts for a change and find yourself!
6. Hast no one to love thee child? Then make haste—run on to other worlds  
'Ere a great loneliness o'ertake thee.
7. Death may leave memories strong enough to mold a life.
8. Too many men are judged by what they don't do.
9. Some men become temperamental that they may be termed "interesting." Why do they fear to grow up?
10. The wise man who said, "actions speak louder than words," having lost his imagination, had to view life through a microscope.



### Silver Dragons of Phantasy

I have seen the great King Sol dash his chariot of golden  
fire

Into the blue and ever fading waters of Hawaiian bays.

I have seen the Silver Queen of night  
Mount the starry stairs with celestial grace  
And lean from the abyss of Heaven  
To cast her image in the shimmering waters beneath.

I have emancipated my orbs from the slavery of sleep  
And beheld the Lighter of the Day,  
Creep along the volcano's rim  
Silhouetted against the low clouds  
And burst into a glorious flame  
Of iridescent colors.

Virginia Lowe, '31

### Disillusionment

To have thought you were good and wise and pure,  
To have loved you and felt that you understood,  
To have expected great things of your marvelous mind  
To have revealed to you part of my very soul;

And then:

To know you were not good nor wise nor pure,  
To know that you never did understand,  
To know that you don't even have a soul  
And very little of mind—  
It hurts.

Easter Souders, '32

### All for Self

You say I know nothing of love.  
I who have loved you;  
Loved you until the minutes I was not with you  
Were hours of misery.  
And the hours I spent with you  
Were minutes of sweetest pain.

But you—  
You would not return my love unselfishly.  
You cared, 'tis true,  
But when I said that you  
Must live for others, rather than yourself,  
You went to another  
Whose praise and flattery alone were given.

And now—  
It matters not to me  
Except that I pity you, knowing  
How happy you could be, in others,  
And how miserable you are, in yourself.

Easter Souders, '32

### Longing

I long for the sound of the sea in my ears,  
For the moaning of pines bent in the wind,  
For sight of the sun's reflection on sand,  
And the sea breeze gently cooling the land.

I long for the twang of the salt in the air,  
For the sight of ships anchored or sailing,  
The sea-gulls forever behind are trailing;  
And the sun like a red ball sinking out there.

Vera Abbitt, '33



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